Volume LXXV CHICAGO, APRIL 8, 1915 Number 6

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A Thought for Easter

From Prejudice, Bitterness, Unkindliness, Deliver Me.
Make me Charitable in Thought
Slow to Condemn, and May
My Heart and Soul be Free of
the Poison of Malice, Intolerance,
Bigotry and Hate. AMEN.

The Sunday Chicago Tribune —JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 83
Charles R. Henderson 84
Editorial Wanderings. V.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones. 85
CONTRIBUTED—
A Great Citizen. The Life of Gerrit Smith. Chapter XXIX.—Charles Edwin Perkins.... 87
My Library. XXIV.—Smith Baker..... 89
War, Hunger and Cold.—James G. Townsend... 86
POETRY—
The Brave.—*Florence Earle Coates*..... 83
His Trophy.—*H. J. Dawtrey*..... 86
Courage.—James G. Townsend..... 88
The Perfect Day.—Harriet Lake-Burch..... 91
THE STUDY TABLE—
Book Notes.—E. P. Powell..... 91
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion. X. Philemon 91
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living.—David Starr Jordan..... 93
A Morning Prayer.—*Stephen Tracy Livingston*... 93
A Dream.—*John Ruskin*..... 93
A Resolution.—*Edward Everett Hale*..... 93
THE FIELD—
Science and the Race Question.—C. W. Wendte.. 94

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

W. H. KIDWELL & SON
Successors to
J. F. KIDWELL & BRO.

Florists and Decorators

923-929 E. 43rd St.
Phone Oakland 830

3806 Wentworth Ave.
Phone Yards 694

PRINTING
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Phone Douglas 3882 Established 1873
Wm. Wilson
Dealer in
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass and Glazing Tools, Cutlery and Hardware
We Give National Mileage Coupons with All Cash Purchases
3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue :-: Chicago

Telephone, Douglas 665

John G. Hope
PAINTING AND DECORATING

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS

3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Private Limousine Cars
AT REASONABLE RATES
For All Purposes
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phones
Douglas 3268
Douglas 3269
Automatic 79-806
OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET
Garages
716 E. 39th ST.
1034 E. 43rd ST.

FOR **Ice Cream**
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1915 Number 6

THE BRAVE.

It is not in the desert lonely,
  Nor at the mast-head o'er the wave,
Nor with the climbing fire ascending,
  Imperiled life to save,
Nor on the battlefield, that only
  Are found the brave!

Ah, no! Unmarked, pain's passion-flowers,
  Through Night's intolerable deep,
They bind in silence; mutely praying,
  Enduring, not to keep
Their watchers wearying through the hours—
  But let them sleep.

Through all the winter chill, ere morning,
  O'er many a frozen trail, I wis,
Fighting their course, that waiting children
  Life's nurture may not miss—
Against the blast they journey, scorning
  Its bitter kiss.

From light-towers sending forth at even
  New hope, in place of old despair,
Toiling in mines, in factories toiling—
  But, ah! why seek, why care
To name them o'er? The brave, thank Heaven!
  Are everywhere!

Harper's Magazine. —*Florence Earle Coates.*

Life is so short in which to work, to love, to serve! So much precious time is spent in "getting ready" to live! Planning what is to be done. "Some time," always "some day," instead of *today*. Before we know it the babies we might have more enjoyed are grown up and *ours* no longer, and the people we sought to be with and the people we thought to be so happy and perhaps envied, have come and gone, and we perhaps in the same old state see at last that happiness is a relative term and ephemeral unless found within ourselves in the knowledge of performing each minutest duty of each day as it comes, living according to our own standard of what is meet and best for us, let our neighbor be ever so opulent, prodigal with our love for our neighbor as well as ourselves. Thus will we secure the much sought happiness by learning to discriminate between real and unnatural things and being as eager for spiritual as we are for material blessings. M. B. P.

Chicago has survived another social storm, an election "brain storm" indicated by a turbulent, noisy, extravagant display of hired enthusiasm, superficial loyalty and coarse devotion. Without attempting to analyze the causes that led to the "land-slide" that surprised everybody, it is fair to say that both leading candidates inherited vicious antecedents, were backed by selfish, partisan officials, and perhaps it is safe to say that each candidate honestly meant to surprise the howlers and shouters by giving a better administration than they wanted. Anyhow the post-election promises of the victorious candidate should be recorded and taken at their face value. He and the "shouters" will do well to remember that majorities count but little after election for the advancement of the community that trusts them. The old prophet of Israel was as right for today as he was for his own time when he trusted "the saving remnant." It is the minority of the brave men and women in Chicago and elsewhere, they who do not allow their consciences to be twisted by expediency arguments, or the sophistry of "the lesser of two evils" to affect their judgment or their vote that constitute the hope of the city. Those who stood by principle resisting the itching desire to be on the winning side, offer the best material for the new administration to conjure by.

When women far removed from the scene of conflict, unaffected by the passion that blinds the reason, use qualifying adjectives to describe the war they oppose, it is a sorry day for all lovers of peace. Why need the women trouble to say they are opposed to wars of conquest? No one since the time of Bismarck, or even Bismarck himself, has believed in wars of aggression. Could there be anything amusing in the horrible situation in Europe, it would be the eagerness with which each and all of the warring nations claim to be fighting merely in self defense. If a war is not in self defense, but against a weaker people, then we have but to recall the arguments so glibly used to justify our course in the Philippines, "the hand of the Lord has led us forth to carry the light of civilization to a people in darkness." It is self-defense or the hand of the Lord always, these days, that causes war, so our sisters might have saved their resolutions. As for peace, was there ever a peace without justice and righteousness from the standpoint of the strong? The peace we made and have kept with Mexico was claimed to be just, and probably the people of Texas and California welcomed the change, but who asked then or ever what the vanquished thought or think of the justice and righteousness of the case? Who is so wise as to say when peace is just and righteous, and when it isn't? No one, be she a member of every peace society in the country, is truly for peace till she takes her stand unqualifiedly against war first, last and all the time. And

there will come no end to war till women unite against war, war that means hell, no matter what qualifying adjective you put before it, and no matter by what race or nation it is waged. Women may honestly differ as to the wisdom of various means of ending war, but they cannot justify one kind of war while denouncing another kind, and do it in the name of peace. "He who is not with me is against me."

O. C. S.

The Easter season is no time to discuss the problem of immortality. Easter is a time to feel immortality, to live it. A few days ago the writer went to sleep in the land of roses. The air was full of the fragrance of the blooming orchards of California. He woke up on the high sides of the Sierras, having slept through some thirty miles of snow sheds and found himself in the white land, snow land, cold land of the mountains. But that chilly landscape was pierced and fretted on every hand by the protruding, stalwart green of the ever living pines. They shot through the snow to crest the sun-kissed mountain tops. So it is ever in the experience of the soul who goes searching for immortality. Mark Twain, who is misunderstood when classed only as an "American humorist," said, "I have never heard an argument for immortality that seems to me to carry conviction. I have never been able to formulate an argument that seemed to me to be worth anything as proof, and yet in spite of all this, I somehow expect to live again." This is the confession of a supremely frank and a superlatively independent man, and this is the point where most of us stand at Easter time. With the love of children and of church and the confidence of his people, that minister makes small use of the day who stoops by pulpit utterance to try to prove immortality, rather than to point to some of the grand "intimations" as Wordsworth would say. It is better to rest in the confidence of Mark Twain with a sense profound of something deeper than our reasoning, with an "intimation" that is more convincing than argument, something that through the snow clad mountains of our ignorance projects the ever green hope for continued life. The writer knows not which was the greater symbol of Easter hopes and faith—the ever green pines on the snow clad sides of the Sierras, or those other evergreens growing in the garden fields of California, the trees so rich in life that they bear at one time ripened fruit and fragrant blossoms. On the same bough hung luscious oranges and floral wreaths to grace a bride. This is a high symbol of the life we should try to live, striving for ripe fruit, glad to offer our contributions of failure or of triumph to the maturing of the same, but still ever creating new buds, breaking into fresh blossoms for a harvest that is to come further on. This is the Easter hope, and this is the Easter message to responsive souls!

Charles R. Henderson

Poor, indeed, is the university who does not afford at least one man who carries with him as he walks through the campus a spiritual atmosphere, a man whose personality enforces his words and instructs and inspires when he is silent. We love to think of Professor LaConte of the University of California, whose pedagogical department was geology, whose function was that of an unfrocked bishop of souls, the spiritual minister of the student body. We like the story of the Harvard undergraduate who took his father on a walk through the campus in the evening, and directed his walk into a side street and then pointed to the light in an upper window and said, "I love to walk around this way and look up at the window and know that the 'old man' is working in there." The 'old man' was the venerable and venerated Dr. Peabody, then President of the University.

Without any reflection upon the other members of the faculty, we believe we would be justified by faculty and students when we say that the University of Chicago has lost its "*pastor magnificus,*" the good man serene, a gentle shepherd of souls, a divinely commissioned guide of youth.

Professor Henderson was a man widely read and profoundly versed in some lines of sociological investigation and humanitarian helpfulness. But not on this account was he so much beloved and is he so tenderly remembered, but because his life was gentle as well as strong, cheerful as well as earnest, tender as well as brave.

If we mistake not, some traces of Lincoln blood coursed through his veins, an Indianan by birth and a "Hanks" by some affiliation of blood. Be that as it may, he was a priest after the order of Abraham Lincoln, a man whose devoutness was more expressed in terms of life than in terms of theology; a Baptist in his traditions, and no doubt he was loyal to the same, but he was bigger than any denomination and freer than any tradition. UNITY found in him a willing editorial contributor, and no man in the long list was more willing or more to be relied on in an emergency. How ready he was to help fill a gap caused by the "escape" of the senior editor! How kind he was to endorse when unity helped! How gentle he was to amend when to his mind it hindered the cause of brotherhood which to him reached from the man behind the bars to the man on the bench and the king on his throne. His last measure of strength was given to the unemployed, the "down and outs," but his was a ministry reaching the "Perishing Upper

Classes" as well, the chilly and chilling victims of over-prosperity.

His latest public position was that of President of the United Charities of Chicago, but that did not measure up to the proportions of the man. The present writer was not fully reconciled to the sacrifices of such high talent to such "repair-shop work." To him belonged the constructive work that creates the better state. Other men more commercial, "masters of finance" and "captains of industry," might have done the United Charity work as well, perhaps better. At least it was encumbent upon such to do it.

Dr. Henderson will be better and more fittingly remembered as the President of the International Prison Congress, the effective leader in the cause of the laboring child, the overworked woman, the underpaid girls and, on that account, his over-exposed sisters.

Charles R. Henderson was a saint of the new order, a shepherd of souls in truth and in deed! Much learning made him wise and earnest study made him kind. His religion ripened into patience, tenderness, courage and cheer.

It is fitting that these memorial words should come due at Easter time, for he, though dead, yet speaketh! A presence, dignified, charitable, cheerful and encouraging is still left on the campus of the University of Chicago, and it travels far, far beyond the outmost limits of this academic territory.

Professor Henderson's ministry is not ended. It has just begun. "Farewell and hail, good and dear brother!"

Editorial Wanderings
V.

My last was written Monday, March 22nd. That night the promised lecture in the Unitarian Church of Oakland was given on time to a goodly audience in an attractive auditorium, after a gracious introduction by our old friend, Rev. W. D. Simonds, whose achievements at Madison, Wisconsin, and Seattle, Washington, formed a fitting preparation for the larger and harder work at Oakland. I talked next morning before the Pacific Theological School, which when last visited seven years ago, welcomed me as a Congregational "school of the prophets," but since that time it has laid off even the gentle fetters of that elastic denomination. Another school which seven years ago had in charge the preparation of young men for the Christian denomination, has somehow been merged and now the school is sincerely trying to bring about a fusion at least of the so called Evangelical churches that will help to unite the divided forces and remove the irritating rivalries between men and organizations that seek the same ends and are sincerely devoted to the same cause.

There was one thing on the program for Tuesday not slated in my schedule. It was "Founders Day" at the University of California, a great red letter day in the annual calendar of this interesting institution. This year the day was marked by an address from the Vice-President of the United States. The great and beautiful Greek theatre, which seats somewhere in the neighborhood of three thousand, was well filled though not crowded. There was the usual pomp and parade, academic men appearing in the many-colored paraphernalia that out-rivals even the high colors worn by the gentler sex. Preceding the address was a most instructive, encouraging and, I fear, exceptional display of private gifts, individual donations to a state institution. It took the scribe perhaps twenty minutes to fully list the benefactions that were stated in sums ranging all the way from one to four figures. Then came a most characteristic address from the playful, half humorous politician of Indianapolis. The speaker succeeded pretty well in steering between a stump speech and an academic address. While not profound, it was profitable and stimulating, not flippant, but oftentimes humorous. One might imagine Mr. Marshall as a lesser Mark Twain playing with his audience in order to present to it some wholesome truths.

As promised in the last letter, Tuesday night I bade goodbye to my friend Hosmer, my whilom fellow traveler of more than thirty-five years ago, taking the east bound train on the Southern Pacific. I woke up the next morning on the high reaches of the Sierras. Early in the day I arrived at Reno, and was welcomed to the home of Professor and Mrs. Boardman. To say that the gentle little wife of this professor was Elsa Leonard, daughter of Ellen T. Leonard, the guardian angel of UNITY in its infancy, the philosopher, guide, counselor and friend of the Editor, beloved and lamented, is to awaken tenderest memories among our older readers.

But the lecturer must push on. He was announced to speak at Carson City, the capital of Nevada, in the evening. Arrangements had been made to occupy the audience room of the High School, but two days before scarlet fever had broken out, the school had been closed and the Rev. Lloyd Thomas, rector of the Episcopal Church of the town, who was "deaconing" the peace lecturer, was able to do, with the consent of the Bishop of Nevada, what would scarcely be possible in the lenient middle West. The lecture was given from the pulpit of the Episcopal Church to a goodly company. The next day, Thursday, I was again back in Reno. At one o'clock I spoke to an enthusiastic high school in a modern building. In all the circuit of nearly six thousand miles the

grammar grade school house at Reno takes the premium. The building was a happy adaptation of the mission style of architecture to the latest pedagogical demands of a modern school house. In the evening a Men's Club of some sixty members lunched together and then the peace lecture was given up stairs in the Congregational Church. Friday at 9 a. m. I met the classes in the historical and sociological departments of the University in an hour's talk, and at eleven the whole student body and faculty listened to the peace lecture in the gymnasium auditorium. Friday night I had to break away from a pleasant dinner party at the Boardman's in order to take a train for Salt Lake City, where I arrived Saturday afternoon and I was at the heart of Mormondom. John Malick, the pastor of the Unitarian Church found hearty co-operation with the representatives of the Mormon Church in arranging for my peace lectures. I preached for Mr. Malick Sunday morning. At four o'clock the Assembly Hall in the Mormon Square was well filled. The President of the Mormon Society presided, a Mormon Bishop made the opening invocation, a Mormon Elder gave the benediction. Sunday night a very different constituency gathered in the Workingmen's Temple, where I spoke under the auspices of a "Liberal Club," largely made up of aggressive socialists, labor unions and I. W. W. men. It was a place bristling with belligerency, and my pacific word, while listened to with respect and courtesy for forty-five minutes, provoked most aggressive militant discussion.

Sunday afternoon the long distance telephone at Provo, thirty miles away, called me. The call came from a professor of the Brigham Young University, asking for a peace address in the institute of higher learning of Mormondom. Monday night I spoke in the Mormon Church to a large audience. Tuesday noon to the student body and professors an audience of over a thousand. In the afternoon there was another high school audience, and then came the ride through the Royal Gorge, and by way of the Santa Fe through Kansas City to Chicago, home on schedule time to conduct a Good Friday meeting in the evening and to lead in the Easter service of All Souls Church, the tenth anniversary of the occupancy of the Abraham Lincoln Centre and the thirty-second consecutive Easter service of All Souls Church. Many old friends joined with many new ones in making a service tender and inspiring.

I was gone thirty-two days, during which time I gave thirty-four or five lectures. With the single exception of the Browning address at San Diego, all my speaking centered around the peace problem and tried to carry the peace message. I was permitted to address some six universities and college constituencies, nine or ten high schools, I spoke in Congregational, Unitarian, Episcopal and Mormon houses of worship and a theosophical hall, and I was at home in all these places and was made to feel at home. They were all places where the profundities of morals and religion were not only welcome but identical with the aim and spirit of those who played the part of hosts, as well as the grateful guest. Perhaps next week, before the impressions fade, I may pick up some of the dropped stitches and gather them into another "Editorial Wandering."

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

HIS TROPHY.

SCENE: *An English Hospital. A Highlander with a German Helmet.*

"So you've brought back his helmet, Sandie, my man;
And you've killed him, I guess; it's a trophy you've won?"
"Na-a, na-a," replied Sandie, "that was na the plan;
The man was a friend, gin ye'll wait till I'm done.
I dressed his wound and he sorted mine,
No' a word could we speak, the ane tae the ither,
But I lookit at him and I kent him a brither;
An' I gin him my bonnet in token, ye ken;
He lauched, and he grippit my han'—an' then
He gied me his helmet, an' it cam tae my mind,
Here's a trophy, thought I, of a new-fangled kind.
I dressed his wound and he dressit mine,
No' a word could we speak, the ane tae the ither,
But tho' he was German, I kent him a brither."

—*H. J. Dawtrey.*

Magazine of the Free Religious Movement, Dundee, Scotland.

War, Hunger and Cold

Our three great curses are still "war, hunger and cold." There must be a steady increase of intelligence and of love for truth, beauty and courtesy, and as these qualities increase there will arise a new standard of ethics or morality. The individuality of selfishness will go down before the individuality of kindness. Men will feel a responsibility not only for their families, for their neighbors, their race, but for mankind, and they will be willing to sacrifice their time, their pleasure and their money for this ideal.

And then as intelligence grows, and this love of truth, beauty and courage increases, the sense of personal responsibility will deepen and the new ethics will be born. And those three giant wrongs will disappear—*war, hunger and cold.*

No man shall stand up merely to be food for powder, and every woman and every child shall have the loaf on the table, fire on the hearth and clothes to make them warm and beautiful.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DEATH OF CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE. HIS CHARACTER. INCIDENTS IN HIS CAREER.

The Diary:

May 8. I receive my first intelligence of the death of my old and beloved friend, Chief Justice Chase, in a telegram from Gov. Sprague. May 9, Friday. I went to New York, accompanied by my son. Saturday, 10. I attended the funeral.

Among the more prominent leaders of the anti-slavery forces, Salmon P. Chase was conspicuous. Holding the Fugitive Slave laws, both the earlier, and that of 1850, to be unconstitutional, on the ground that, though the Constitution provided for the return of fugitives from labor, it added no grant of legislative powers to Congress in connection therewith, he placed his great legal learning and ability freely at the service of the poor, cowering refugees from bondage. So frequently did he appear in behalf of escaped slaves, that Kentucky slaveholders gave him the title of "Attorney General for the Niggers." Work of this kind he performed without recompense. And living, as he did, in Cincinnati, where it was by no means uncommon for free blacks to be kidnapped, taken across the river and sold; whereas, also, as in all the borders of Ohio, fugitives were frequently appearing, pursued by their masters or master's agents, opportunities were many for him to champion the cause of the oppressed and imperilled. It was the kind of work that none but a man governed by the strongest convictions of humanity would have undertaken. After defending the slave girl Matilda, in 1837, who had been brought into the state by her master, but whose return to slave territory was resisted, the remark was made, of Mr. Chase by an eminent citizen, "Mr. Chase is a promising young lawyer, but he has ruined himself by his action in this case!" It was not, from the point of view of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, so foolish a verdict. Of all causes, the cause of the slave was the most unpopular. The young lawyer, however, while not lacking in ambition, was more eager to help the helpless than to win plaudits and rewards for himself. Writing to Gerrit Smith under date of July 31, 1845, Mr. Chase refers to a certain pamphlet which he has sent through the mail to him, in connection with which he says:

"It contains an account of a case of considerable interest in a legal and anti-slavery view, and some proceedings growing out of it in which I had a personal, and I may add, a very pleasant interest: for *I would rather possess the smallest evidence of regard from the oppressed and the injured, than a gemmed ring from the Emperor Nicholas.*"

The author probably does not need to explain that the emphasis laid upon these words in the quotation from Mr. Chase's letter, is his, not Mr. Chase's. The fine and generous sentiment is no more than characteristic of the motives that ruled the great statesman's life. It was said of him, by Gov. Hoadley, that he "walked with God." That "the predominant element in his life. . . . was his striving after righteousness. Behind the dusky face of every black man he saw his Saviour, the divine Man." Gov. Hoadley refers the concluding passage of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, which was written by Mr. Chase, to "his habit of referring to divine guidance every act of his life." The passage reads, as the reader will remember: "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the favorable judgment of all mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

After the destruction by a pro-slavery mob, of *The Philanthropist* (James G. Birney's paper) in Cincinnati, in 1836, Mr. Chase was engaged by Mr. Birney in the effort to bring the participators in the outrage to justice. Mr. Chase was himself the hero of a stirring incident in connection with that noted riot. The mob, not satisfied with wrecking the printing plant, had started after the editor. At this juncture Mr. Chase appeared on the scene and drove the rioters back, thus saving Mr. Birney from violence, if from nothing worse.

INTEREST IN CUBAN INDEPENDENCE.

The Diary:

June 20, 1873. Cuban meeting in our hall. Ere the meeting closes, Gen. Thomas Jordan and Michael de Aldama arrive. After the meeting they dine with us and pass the night. Sunday, 22. They breakfast and dine with us and we send them to Canastota this evening.

Mr. Smith was a strong advocate of Cuban independence; and the Cuban Committee in New York found in him a generous financial contributor to their cause. The last year of his life witnessed much activity on his part in behalf of the long-suffering people of the beautiful island. He was very eager to have our Government recognize the Cuban Republic, and "Rescue Cuba Now!" as he put it, in capital letters. He organized public meetings in the attempt to arouse the popular mind to the horror of Spanish mis-rule in Cuba, and his pen was busied with communications to the press, and in the writing of appeals, in the form of letters to the public, which he scattered through the mails. It was a grief to him that the popular conscience was so indifferent to the demands of humanity in the matter. The fact that the Republic of Cuba had none but a fugitive existence, that it possessed no capital, no ports, no organization and no courts, was indeed, but a phantom government, seems not to have carried any weight with him. What his sympathetic heart felt was, that a people had suffered for centuries under oppression, that they were then enduring fresh campaigns of outrage and cruelty, with apparently no end in sight to the monstrous mis-rule, unless there were intervention by some nation, in the interest of justice and mercy. He was eager to have his own country act the part of the good Samaritan with Cuba; and precedents were matters of no consequence in his sight. But in case America failed to take the part of rescuer, he looked to Great Britain to do so.

It is hardly necessary to say that no atom of selfish national policy entered into Mr. Smith's plans for the saving of Cuba. It is a little remarkable that the exact attitude which, he declared, should be adopted by the nation that might intervene in the case of Cuba, was that which was carried out by the United States when, 25 years later, Cuban intervention became a reality. Said Gerrit Smith:

I would here say, that it is all important that this work be and be seen of all men to be entirely and sublimely dis-

interested. To this end, whatever nation shall have part in delivering Cuba should pledge itself in advance not to annex her to itself, nor to suffer such annexation, unless Cuba shall, after a period of say, 5 or 10 years, insist upon such annexation. No ulterior object should accompany the undertaking to make Cuba absolutely free and independent.

Let the reader, in his mind, pass the gap between December, 1873, and April, 1898. On the 19th, Senator Foraker's joint resolution, acknowledging the independence of Cuba, and demanding the relinquishment of Spanish authority on the island, was adopted by the National Congress. The Fourth Article in that Resolution reads like an echo of the words of Gerrit Smith, written nearly a quarter of a century before:

".....The United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

SERVICES IN FREE CHURCH ABANDONED.

The Diary:

July 13, 1873. I take part in the Methodist Sunday School.

This brief entry seems important enough to transcribe. The attempt to maintain the Church of Peterboro had been definitely given up. Never abandoning his contention that the Christians of a place are the church of that place, that the spirit of sect is anti-Christian, and that the one and only business of Christianity is to translate the principles of Christ into conduct by bringing human beings into likeness to Him, he had at last found the labor involved in maintaining a church on such a basis too great. During all the years since the Free Church was organized, he had carried the main part of its burden, and it had been a considerable burden when added to his many other cares and labors. Realizing now that his own career must be, in the course of nature, near its earthly close, it seemed best to lay the particular burden down. For the months that remained, he worshipped with his good neighbors, the Methodists, taught in their Sunday School, and occasionally led in their meetings.

From the day of the establishment of the Church of Peterboro, its pulpit had been open to the proclamation of every phase of the social gospel. And the people of the little village had enjoyed such privileges as those of no other hamlet in the land had been permitted to enjoy, in the way of earnest discourse from men and women of eminence, light and leading. For, as the church had been free for the proclamation of every moral reform, so its pulpit had known no distinction of sex, with such as had been invited to minister in it.

Meantime great changes had come about in other churches of Protestant Christianity. The cause of the blacks, dear to Mr. Smith above any other, had been loyally espoused by evangelical Christianity; Temperance, which once found so precarious a footing in evangelical churches, was now finding its chief support and advocacy in them; and the rights of women had obtained a considerable standing in the same quarters. The Free Church could be closed, with the gratifying assurance that the great principles of reform for which it had stood, were to be carried forward by the ordinary and old-established institutions of religion.

The Diary:

Aug. 19, 1873. Gen. O. O. Howard and little son, Jamie, come this p. m. I attended the reception for Gen. Howard in our Hall. 24. Gen. Howard preaches this a. m. in the Hall. At one p. m. he and I spoke to the Sunday School. 25. Dear Gen. Howard and son leave us at 11 p. m.

Soon after, Gen. Emory and daughter come to take lunch with us.

Gen. Howard's interest in the blacks endeared him to Mr. Smith, as Mr. Smith's broad philanthropy endeared him to the General. The two were very firm friends. In a letter from the General to Mr. Smith, a little later than the date of his visit to Peterboro, he writes:

Your noble life has left a deep impression on me..... I hope God will bless you very richly during the remaining physically weary years of your pilgrimage.

In the same letter, referring to the work of Mrs. Mary Howard Schoolcraft, with the little outcasts of Washington, both sexes and colors, Gen. Howard says:

Like yourself, this woman, remarkable in mind and remaining strength, dares to help those whom men despise, adopts them as her own children and stamps them with Christ's image.

The Diary:

Sept. 22, 1873. Schuyler Colfax did me the honor to call upon me and spend three-quarters of an hour with me.

Oct. 12. Judge Boardman dines with us.

Jan. 3, 1874. Anniversary of my dear wife's and my marriage! I cannot be sufficiently grateful for this prolonging of our lives.

March 6. I am this day 77 years old. I thank my heavenly Father for preserving me so long upon the earth.

To a young friend, formerly of Peterboro, at the time teaching in Newburgh, whose mother had recently passed away:

Peterboro, March 9, 1874.

My dear Carrie:—

This is a very beautiful, very sweet and very welcome letter that I received from you this morning.

And so you remembered my birthday. It was very kind of you to do so. The young are apt to forget the old and worn-out. It is not strange that your precious mother remembered me on every return of my birthday, for she and I had long been warm friends. It touches my heart and wets my eyes to have you say, that she taught her children to remember it. Dear one—I hope to meet her in a higher and better world.

And so you have heard the Hampton Singers. I wish I could hear them. Their leader wrote me, proposing to bring them to my house, because, doubtless, I am a patron of the school. But I replied that Mrs. Smith and I were purposing to leave home soon on a journey for the improvement of my health, which has suffered much from vertigo for the last four months. (I am, I trust, daily regaining my health.)

Broken as my health is, I have within a few days written an article in behalf of our colored brethren, a copy of which I send you herewith.

Excuse my brevity. You know what quantities of letters the mails bring me.

My dear wife joins me in love for you and dear Nettie.

Your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

How beautiful the affectionate spirit which this letter manifests.

COURAGE.

One who always faced the peril and marched, eyes undimmed,
Never waiting sun to shine,
Never asking share in victory.
Or sure there would be victory,
Only sure that right would still be right,
As long as the beautiful orange stains
Upon the bosoms of yonder western clouds,
Illumine the sunsets of the eternal years.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

My Library—No. XXIV.

To those who have read the Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman, there must have come instructive thoughts as to the propriety of anyone so talented ever allowing himself to dissipate his energies at such a fearful rate as he usually did. Such plunging into enterprises for which he had inadequate endurance is seldom seen in literary aspirants. Whichever way he turned, he seemed bound to get himself cornered either by his trusted friends or by incalculable circumstances, and in such a way as seemingly to jeopradize either his health or his fortune, or both. Sometimes the outcome was entirely pitiful. Yet the courage and persistence of the man as well as author seldom if ever failed or even wilted. If the cause had always been worthy of this, the spectacle would have been magnificent. But it is a question whether so bright a man ought to have so poorly calculated his energies, or so unwisely devoted them to their own inevitable destruction.

In this, however, Stedman was by no means alone. Under the pitiless pressure of the Time-Spirit, many of his contemporaries in every walk of life did the very same thing, and it is so now with many who live after him. Impulsive, uncalculated waste of vital energy by choice men and women seems almost to be the rule. But to what purpose! Certainly not to the largest, happiest life; certainly not to the best work. And the pity of it is beyond computation.

Again, one wonders what Edmund Clarence Stedman would have accomplished, had he not for so many years been hindered by excessive work and strain not only, but by the notion that he was a victim of tuberculosis. As one reads of his breakdowns and standstills and dire apprehensions, especially with anything like professional insight, the question will arise, Why and to what end was it all for? Certainly a little more accurate diagnosis, a little more skilful advice and very much more common sense, would have saved his strength for much more of the work that his "Victorian Poets" and "American Poets," to say nothing of his own poetry and Anthologies of other's, show him to have been naturally capable of What the world has thus missed in original work, because of his stern devotion to making a living in the hardest of all tasks, that of Wall Street, is so regrettable that one hesitates not to say that such "sacrifices" are as criminal against the world as they are wasteful and painful to self.

Some of Stedman's poetry is entirely worthy; yet too often it seems forced in expression where the theme should have had spontaneity, and this not too carefully edited. The forcing of thought, or sentiment, or of a most perfect form, may not result in the *poetry* that an author intends. On the contrary, a free flow of meaning into almost a crudely imperfect form may invite and hold one satisfactorily. Stedman was entirely capable of thought, and had deep feeling, but one does not return to his poems so spontaneously or so frequently as to some others, because the workmanship of even his perfect form is so apt to be too obvious. Sometimes it even gives a hint of the weariness of the mind that conceived it. If it is well to alternate vocation with avocation, it certainly is not so well to have to force a crossing from one to the other too strenuously. A well-disciplined mind can do this, sometimes successfully; but the vital expense and danger of failure are always too great, nevertheless. What Stedman actually wrote belongs to My Library, beyond question; what he might have written leaves a gap to be forever inadequately filled.

One sees this when one turns to the work of his contemporary, John Watson Gilder. Here was a man, sensitized and refined in the extreme; with a nervous system always at plus tension; yet a plodder, nevertheless; and yet a medium of spontaneity, fine and vital, as well. As gentle and sweet as a mother-spirit's blessing is some of his work. Much of the rest is wise and companionable. There is no suggestion of fag anywhere; the life within flows out into fullness thereof, and awakens corresponding responsiveness. A gentlemanly poet, a lover of his kind, though at times seemingly very distant from them; his perception of the solid worth of Abraham Lincoln and Grover Cleveland and his love for his heroes, being not the least of his significant virtues.

All through many years there have appeared in various periodicals, sonnets chiefly, but at times other poetical "effusions," by James H. West. Reading these has always been like a sip of refreshing coolness in the midst of the overcharged warmth of everyday life. Now that they are collected into a volume, "Poems of Progress," one returns to them as to a sure balm for pretty nearly all the woes of life. Mr. West's love of nature and sure insight into her deepest and broadest meaning, his spiritual interpretation of life in all its aspects, his sensible optimism and unfailing hope, all make him a fellow-being in the higher walks of life, whose poems should be read and re-read until one's nature too is saturated through and through with his nobility and promise. That Mr. West has not only voiced much of the clearer and higher sentiment of today, but will appear in the future as its reliable interpreter, must be evident to all who feel the real trend of the passing moments, and premonish anything of the days to come. My Library, everybody's library, every reader's hand, should hold "Poems of Progress" in securest grasp and tenderest, sweetest appreciation. Hear him as he says:

Courage, O thinkers! the systems of men are but transient.
Only the System of Man is unique and forever!
Man is the one, the eternal, the rightly, triumphant!
All that is falsehood he spurns as the centuries hasten,
All that is wrong he outgrows as his vision increases;
Man is himself of his future the master and builder;

Hearing this, let the heart grow strong, the head clear and previsional, and the determination to believe that,

Earth's old futilities pass quickly by,
And life on sudden takes eternal hue

for all those who learn to assuage

Through charm of inner eye and loving heart,
Earth's direst griefs in mind's rich overflow.

Nor should any of us neglect emphasis of this new and renewing world, the world that our poet so courageously affirms.

I have that within me which shall build
Even from the fragment of dead hopes a house
Where I may dwell as I grow more a god,

says William Ellery Leonard, in his "Vaunt of Man," a volume of poems without which even the "five-foot-shelf" would seem a little incomplete to me. If anyone doubts this, let him read for example his Sonnet, "For a Drudger," or "When Death Shall Come," of

"Lincoln." Here again is a man as well as a poet, expressing himself sparely, to be sure, but so well and to such goodly ends, none the less. He keeps up the currents of better thoughts started by earlier contacts with the masters, and adds a charm of his own to their higher elaboration. So long as such men as West and Leonard sing to us, we need never despair of poetry's being able to keep up with the universal unfolding no matter where it may tend. For their minds and hearts, all of science and of true thinking, all of high reading and fullest realization, are but material for the poet's most graceful expression; yet with all the old senuous imagery not neglected or superseded, as well.

So here we have a group of American poets, dead and living, that should be honored and read and believed in equally on many accounts with Longfellow and Whittier of earlier days. If not quite so impassioned, possibly, they yet are very sincere, very reliable, and very inspiring and otherwise helpful. They give us the Spirit as well as the form of modern life, and to them we ought not to inhibit heartiest response, much less forget that they are or have been in our midst.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, in his book "Under the Trees," has this attractive sentence: "The silence of the deep woods is pregnant with mighty growths"; and then quotes Maurice de Guerin, whom he styles, "true poet and lover of Nature," as follows: "An innumerable generation actually hangs on the branches of all the trees, on the fibres of the most significant grasses, like babes on the mother's breast." It is always a satisfaction to have someone interpret the deeper meanings of nature for us, and when Mr. Mabie's volume, along with "My Study Fire," came to me as a birthday present many years ago, I felt that I had been given a most important help in this respect. All along my life I had found many a beautiful "island valley of Avilion."

> Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,

in which I had from time to time been healed of many a "grievous wound"; but had always needed none the less someone to "Sing about the golden tree" so understandingly that I could enter into a closer companionship still, and thus be able the more satisfactorily to "weave for God the robe thou seest Him by."

Whenever Mr. Mabie writes of out-of-doors, he conveys the note of spirituality that only the pure in heart can sound. "There is this great consolation," he writes, "for those who cannot live continually in the Forest of Arden; that, having once proven one's citizenship there, one can return at will." Reading his books is a brave way of fitting oneself for this choice residenceship, and seeking his spirit is one of the surest ways of learning what to see and feel and do when once the entering upon it is made; and certainly it is well to find some place where one can truly say, "It matters little whether I have travelled or dreamed" a place, the "Forest of Arden," for instance, where "there is no clock," and where "every day men of great worth" resort, a place which if timeless, is yet most significantly alive!—a place like Prospero's enchanting island, the isle of

> Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not, where
>
> In dreaming,
>
> The clouds methought would open, and show riches
> Ready to drop upon me; that when I waked,
> I cried to dream again.

—the island where we would all be indeed fortunate, could we go once in a while and dream at will, and see the clouds open and all its incomparable riches drop, even though it were nothing at all, but a dream!

I remember that when a boy, I used to be awakened rather frequently from dreams which, if I could once again experience the like, I would journey to any spot known or imagined, near or remote, to enjoy their luscious worth. Next to these, however, are the occasional dreams of green fields and invigorating breezes and meadow and pasture land and rippling streams and woods with all their calm cheer, that are stirred by reading such matter as Walton and White and Thoreau and Van Dyke and Mabie have given us, and as nearly as possible in the spirit in which they were written. Dreaming thus and often enough, there is little danger, I opine, of one's ever becoming too denatured or too prosaic or too unspiritual for proper enjoyment of all the better aspects of life, both present and to come.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

I have received from Houghton & Mifflin the latest of Henry Sydnor Harrison's books, "Angela's Business." I do not think that I shall ever be able to say of any of this author's books that it is equal to "Queed." At least he has produced nothing since that remarkable book that in my judgment is worth the comparison. Compared with the bulk of novels, they all stand high. There is a great deal in "Angela's Business" that can be noted with high applause, but go back and read "Queed" if you have not yet done it.

Another book from the pen of Dean Hodges, of the Theological School connected with Harvard, reaches me, entitled "Faith and Social Service." This makes about one dozen volumes from the Dean, and every one of them emphatically good—I will not undertake to say which is best. This book discusses the new forces in religious evolution; indifference, doubt, poverty, labor, moral reform and the city. Not one of these lectures is a useless statement of common facts, or a dull comment—a little duller than newspaper editorials. The pages are not exactly brilliant, nor remarkably eloquent, but they come to the point, and shake hands with you on every page. When the Dean gets through he knows it, and he does not undertake to say something very wise when what he wants is simply to give us something readable. I like this book, and while I give away most of the religious literature that comes to me I put Dean Hodges on the shelf, near at hand. Like all the rest of his books, they are sent me from the Macmillans.

From Macmillans I have a book entitled "Getting a Wrong Start," supposed to be written as an autobiography. It is chock full of good things, and I recommend it as a preliminary dose to all young people. I think it much safer than De Quincy or Ruskin; and I specially recommend the closing passage. "It will all come out right, if you remain square, and simple, and sincere, and keep on trying." The author insists

that it is not necessary to be rich, but you will have succeeded in life only if you have kept your heart clean, and have not overdone yourself with freakish ambitions. He believes in woman, as companion, and essential to the full development of character. He believes in religion, but only as the development of the finer traits of character. Its sum and substance is unselfishness—"the doctrine of being able to help someone besides yourself." "Be willing to take advice as soul medicine." "Do not be peaking into yourself to find out what great things you are doomed to do, but go quietly ahead and do what your hands find to do, and with a clean conscience." The author makes but little difference between unselfishness and conscience and religion. There is a good, safe, healthy tone through the book, and while it expresses individuality, it tells a very general truth for all its readers.

From Houghton & Mifflin Co. I get another of Henry Herbert Knibbs' books; this time "Songs of the Outlands," consisting of ballads of the Hoboes and other verse. Here is a simple sample, and the book is rich on every page:

"I don't mind working to earn my bread;
And I'd just as soon keep straight;
But according to what the preacher said,
I'm a ram—and I've missed the gate.
But I'm jogging ahead, and jogging ahead,
And perhaps I'll find it, mate."

Not Browning to be sure, but well worth writing, every page of the book. E. P. POWELL.

THE PERFECT DAY.

O Day, I love thee with my heart—
I fold thee dawn and twilight round about—
I croon and sing thee pæans;
And I move
To this one end, that thou shalt be
Blameless and unafraid in all thy ways
Clean from thy dawning to thy dewy eve.
From dark to greater dark,
From dawn till noon,
Morning and midnight and the hours between.

Day that hast brought me life
And taught me through slow pain
Of love and how to love;
Of life and how to live
Clean from thy earliest dawn,
Blameless and unafraid in all thy ways,
I bless thee, dawn and dark
Alike.

Thy midnight and thy morn
I bless.
The one has stars;
The other shines a sun;
And in between—
The dark.
And rain.
And wind.
And the stars and dawn
And thou, Day, again.
I bless thee and I sing
Pæans.

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Being the Fifth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

X.
Philemon

Written Probably During Paul's Imprisonment at Rome, About 61 A. D.

TEXT: *Thy goodness should not be as of necessity, but of free will.* VERSE 14.

Paul's letter to Philemon, only twenty-five verses long, is a gem in itself, but it has little theological significance. It throws no historical light upon the situation. It is simply a little human note from one friend to another, a window through which you will see far into the life and spirit of the times. Our chart shows this as one of the second group of Paul's letters. It stands on a very different basis from the first group we have been studying which are essentially unchallenged as genuine. They fit logically into the Paul story. There is much uncertainty concerning this second group. Many critics would pronounce them not Paul, but Pauline, as they represent the problems and spirit of the great missionary and that Philemon was written by Paul during his imprisonment in Rome we may accept with a fair degree of probability. In order to put this little gem in literature in its proper setting we must bring the story down to date.

As intimated in the epistle to the Romans, Paul did go to Jerusalem with his collection, did encounter the difficulties which he had foreseen, and so far as the buoyant, joyous missionary was concerned, his career was ended. For the historical setting of the letter read the last eight chapters in Acts, if possible, in the Twentieth Century New Testament version. Much of these interesting chapters have the appearance of being the diary of an eye witness, and from the use of the pronoun "we" it is believed that Luke is concerned with the authorship, as he was one of Paul's colleagues and companions much of the time. It is a charming bit of autobiography, a pathetic, tender, heart-breaking story that in the main commands the respect and confidence of the critics.

The details of Paul's voyage from Corinth are clearly set forth. He finally landed at Tyre, where friends, "fathers" of the new movement, knowing there was trouble in store for this radical who was making such a dent in Christianity that had been so respectable, begged him not to go farther. But Paul was not that kind of man. He went on to Cæsarea and from there to Jerusalem. At first he was kindly received. He turned over his "collection" and the Christians were apparently glad to see him. But the Jews who had resisted him, the Christianized Jews from Asia Minor, caught sight of the "pernicious mischief-maker from Tarsus" in the Temple. Their indignation grew, the

mob increased until Paul's life was in danger. The attitude of the Roman authorities was one of indifference politically. The quarrel meant nothing to them, and they seized Paul to protect him. He was brought to trial before the Sanhedrin, but matters were too turbulent to conduct it and he was retired to the Prætorium.

Then comes a personal touch. A young lad, son of a sister of Paul's, overheard a plot whereby a band of forty men were to seize him on his way to trial. The boy carried the news to the Roman governor who, knowing that the life of his prisoner was in jeopardy, started him off to Cæsarea under a guard, where he was able to turn him over to a stronger force. Felix was Roman ruler of that province and there Paul was safe in the hands of the Romans. Here again charges were preferred against him and a trial held with apparent dignity. Naturally the Roman authorities could not make anything of this trouble and he was remanded to prison for some more convenient day; evidently he became a favorite prisoner in the Roman citadel, where he remained for two years. When Festus, Felix's successor as governor, visited his domain in Jerusalem, the suggestion was made that if he wanted to work himself into the good graces of his people, he could do so by haling Paul to trial. There was much turmoil and excitement and the accusers asked that Paul be sent back to Jerusalem for trial. Paul, however, claimed his rights as a Roman citizen. He appealed to Cæsar, and Festus said he should go. Meanwhile King Agrippa visited the Governor and Festus drew his attention to Paul's case. Agrippa said he would hear Paul on his own behalf and Paul made the classic speech, so gracious, so polite, so convincing, which has given him the title of the first gentlemen. Agrippa said: "Almost thou persuadest me to become a Christian," and Paul answered with this touch of grace and culture, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds." After some delay Paul sailed. Encountering bad weather, Paul, level-headed and efficient on shipboard as on land, advised them to stop at an early port, but they kept on what proved a very stormy voyage. Arriving at Rome, Paul was delivered to the Prætorium Guard, the "swell" military guard, where he lived for two years, and here the story ends. Paul vanishes.

The chronology of the story is figured round the time that Festus supplanted Felix in Cæsarea. Roman history tells us that Festus died in 62, that in 64 the great fire occurred, which Nero was suspected of having instigated, and he, in order to cover some of his rascalities, accused the Christians of the incendiary act and started a wholesale persecution. Tradition has it that Paul went down as a martyr in that slaughter of Nero's. In an effort to give a logical place to the letters of Timothy and Titus, Paul was supposedly released and traveled as far as Spain, where he lived to be an old man. But we have no data to go by, except these chapters in the book of Acts which were probably written before the end came. Perhaps Luke did not live to finish the story.

Read this little letter written by Paul while in prison, probably enjoying the freedom of the city, but always chained to his guard, who as a member of a crack Roman regiment must have been a gentleman. And who must have found the little Jew prisoner interesting, as evidenced by the probability that Paul often converted his guards.

Before our war of the Rebellion this letter, regarded as the inspired word of God, was the stronghold and comfort of the religious slave owner. We do not care about the theology, but the humanity of it touches us. A servant who had run away from his master had come under the influence of this prisoner at Rome, and touched and influenced by him, became a convert to the new religion and a friend to this man in prison who sent him back to his master. A noble letter. What can we make of it?

Can we realize how this great life fades into obscurity? Later we will see how the man who led the opposition, thwarted Paul's schemes, inspired where he may not have led, became, according to the claims of the greatest exponents of Christianity, the cornerstone of the Christian Church. Peter is the "founder of Christianity" according to the Romish Church, and is the recognized viceregent under God of the hierarchy that traces itself back through an unbroken line of Popes to Christ himself. There is no church of Paul. There are some St. Paul cathedrals but no organization that claims him, no ecclesiasticism that rests on him. Yet he is the one man through whom Christianity got loose, escaped the trammels of any one race, escaped the burden of ceremonial limitations. There are no lines of demarkation so long as we stay on the spiritual and ethical grounds on which Paul insisted in all his letters. The ethics of the decalogue, the spirituality of the Beatitudes leave no ground on which to quarrel. The devoutness and worshipfulness, the theism of Jew and Gentile, of Israelite and Christian are one.

But the Jew as a separate race in the world, still burdened with a "divine mission," in religious "separateness" drawing around itself a theology and ceremonial, compelling those who would profit by the Christian scheme to come through their ceremonial door, was on the losing side. Dogmatism was as bad then as now and just as much bother to those who tried to preserve it.

Paul was the first Free Religionist, the first man who suffered and died for an interpretation of religion that was cosmopolitan.

The mysticism of Paul accounts for a lot of the theology which we do not accept. We are all mystics so far as we are religious. All of us have to confess that the best we can do is to use symbols. A diagram on a blackboard with A, B and C at angles is not geometry, but none of us can get very far with geometrical problems without the help of these signs which help the mind along. Not only creeds and doctrines but words themselves are signs on the board. So there is a sense in which all the ceremonial requirements of Jew and Christian are helpful and are in a sense true. The pity is when the symbol supplants the reality symbolized, when we hang on to the symbol as a finality. Universality in religion must have a large place for the past as well as of the present. The true Liberal is as much at home in St. Peters and in a Mosque where dervishes read the Koran, as in the fellowship of his own kindred or creed.

(1) Where was Philemon written?
(2) What comfort did slave-owners find in this epistle?
(3) Trace Paul's vicissitudes as found in last eight chapters of Acts.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The human will, the power to do, is the real end of the stress and struggle of the ages.

MON.—What we get we must earn, if it is to be really ours.

TUES.—To live effectively implies the belief that life is worth living, and no one who leads a worthy life has ever for a moment doubted this.

WED.—If every one did the very best he knew, most of the problems of human life would be already settled.

THURS.—It does not matter if the greatest thing for you to do be not in itself great. The best preparation for greatness comes in doing faithfully the little things that lie nearest. The nearest is the greatest in most human lives.

FRI.—The true optimism is the open-eyed faith that all is worth while, and that our own part in it is worth playing to the end.

SAT.—Wisdom is knowing what to do next; virtue is doing it. Religion is the heart impulse that turns toward the best and highest course of action.

—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Dear Father, hear us while we pray,
That through the hours of this one day
Our humble dwelling-place may be
Fast closed to all despondency.

Let sunshine find an entrance here,
To fill our hearts with wholesome cheer,
And grant us courage to express
A large, unflinching hopefulness.

Strengthen our hands, and help us find
The fountains that refresh the mind,
And may the faith by which we live
Have fragrance such as roses give.

Help us, dear God, this day, and make
New music in our souls awake—
Communicable songs that show
The glad companionship we know.

The Congregationalist. —*Stephen Tracy Livingston.*

A Dream by John Ruskin

In "The Mystery of Life and Its Arts"

I dreamed I was at a child's May-day party, in which every means of entertainment had been provided for them by a wise and kind host. It was in a stately house with beautiful gardens attached to it; and the children had been set free in the rooms and gardens, with no care whatever but how to pass their afternoon rejoicingly. They did not, indeed, know much about what was to happen next day; and some of them, I thought, were a little frightened, because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school where there were examinations; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of flowers, sweet grassy banks for rest, and smooth lawns for play, and pleasant streams and woods, and rocky places for climbing. And the children were happy for a little while; but presently they separated themselves into parties, and then each party declared it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the others should have anything to do with that piece. Next, they quarreled violently, which pieces they would have; and at last the boys took the thing up practically, and fought in the flower-beds till there was hardly a flower left standing; there they trampled down each other's bits of the garden out of spite; and the girls cried till they could cry no more. And so they all lay down at last breathless in the ruin and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.

Meanwhile, the children in the house had been making themselves happy also in their manner. For them there had been provided every kind of indoors pleasure. There was music for them to dance to, and the library was open with all manner of amusing books; and there was a museum full of the most curious shells, and animals, and birds, and there was a workshop, with lathes and carpenter's tools, for the ingenious boys; and there were pretty fantastic dresses for the girls to dress in; and there were microscopes and kaleidoscopes, and whatever toys a child could fancy; and a table, in the dining room, loaded with everything nice to eat.

But, in the midst of all this, it struck two or three of the more *practical* children that they would like some of the brass-headed nails that studded the chairs, and they set to work to pull them out. Presently the others who were reading or looking at shells, took a fancy to do the like; and in a little while all the children, nearly, were spraining their fingers in pulling out brass-headed nails. With all that they could pull out, they were not satisfied; and then everybody wanted some of somebody else's. And at last the really practical and sensible ones declared that nothing was of any real consequence that afternoon except to get plenty of brass-headed nails; and that the books and the cakes and the micoscopes were of no use at all in themselves, but only if they could be exchanged for nail heads. And at last they began to fight for nail-heads, as the others fought for the bits of garden. Only here and there a despised one shrank away into a corner, and tried to get a little quiet with a book in the midst of the noise; but all the *practical* ones thought of nothing else but counting nail-heads all the afternoon—even though they knew they would not be allowed to carry so much as one brass knob away with them. But no; it was, "Who has most nails? I have fifty and you have a hundred; or, I have two and you have a thousand. I must have as many as you before I leave the house or I cannot possibly go home in peace." At last they made so much noise that I awoke, and thought to myself, "What a false dream that is—of children."

A RESOLUTION.

I am only one
But still I am one,
I cannot do everything
But still I can
do something.
And because I cannot
do everything
I will not refuse
to do something
That I can do.

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

SCIENCE AND THE RACE QUESTION.

By Professor Dr. Franz Boas, Chair of Anthropology, Columbia University.*

Everyone has to contend with the emotional feeling of differences between the races of mankind and the antipathies it generates. Our thinking and behavior are too often determined by emotion, and not by reason and truth. How do these racial antipathies arise? In ascertaining this, science can make its most important contribution to the question. We must look back over long eras in the history of civilization. In South Africa, for instance, we find the Bushmen. The attitude towards these by all the other negroes, Boers and Europeans, is that they are not human beings and should be killed on sight. This was obviously in very early times the attitude towards all neighbors. All who belong to other species of mankind are held to be dangerous enemies who must be pursued and made harmless. This condition of affairs did not last long, however. Gradually the groups of men increased in size, partly through intermarriage with neighboring tribes. But outside this larger community there was still the foreigner, feared and hated. Very slowly the idea disappeared that the foreigner was not human. It did not matter whether he belonged to one's own race or not. It was sufficient that he belonged to another community. This stamped him as an enemy. It did not matter either whether all the members of one's own group belonged to the same race or not, so that there was a community of interest among them. Thus gradually arose the peculiar feeling between one community and another which still persists, and leads to oft-repeated conflicts.

Yet there has been advance. At first the outsiders were absolute enemies, but gradually, while we cherish a different feeling for the members of our own political unit than for foreigners, we are more disposed to do the latter justice. In time to come many national antipathies now existing will disappear. But this antipathy is really not racial, it is social, bred of conflicting social, industrial, political, differences. The whole course of history shows us that in early times there was no feeling of racial antipathy as we now use the term, for the original political units or communities were made up often of various races.

In the Mohammedan world today the race hatreds of Christendom do not occur, because all Mohammedans, whether white or negro or whatever, are socially equal. In Hindu India there is marked antipathy between people of different castes, but as soon as they become Mohammedans this disappears or takes on a very different form, and becomes antipathy between Mohammedans and non-Mohammedans, i. e., it is based on religion and not on race. Similar conditions exist in Mexico between the Spanish and Indian populations.

C. W. WENDTE.

(To be continued next week)

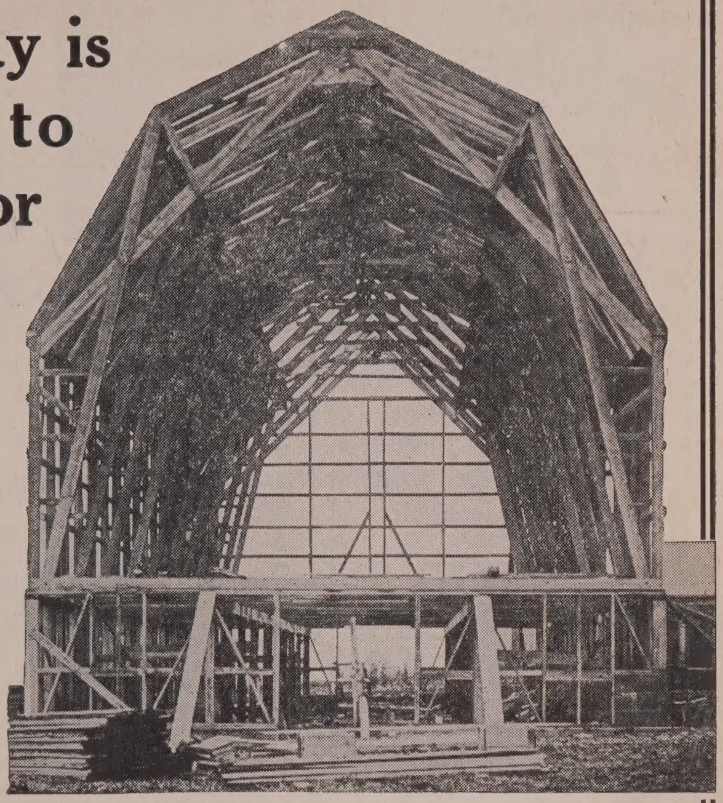
*Summary of an address before the 5th Congress of the National Federation of Religious Liberals, Philadelphia, March 23, 1915.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 364 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Schumann & Company
CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns
and Kid Gloves
PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

Telephones
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407
Clark-Lyon Co.
FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS
FRUITS and VEGETABLES
3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

The James Way is the Safe Way to Plan and Build or Remodel the Dairy Barn



IT'S the safe way because the JAMES organization is made up of men who have made a specialty of barns—men who have worked out barn plans, barn lighting, ventilation and equipment from the standpoint of the requirements of the herd.

That's what makes a barn profitable—having it designed by experts who know just exactly what is needed to insure the least labor, the smallest operating expense, the greatest efficiency and the largest milk production.

James Barn Plan Service

is free to every dairy farmer who expects to build a new barn or remodel the old one—provided a few questions shown in the coupon at the lower right hand corner of this advertisement are answered. This service will help you to select the right location for a new barn so that drainage, light, ventilation and distance from other buildings will be right.

It will show how to build for a small herd today so that at smallest possible expense you can enlarge the barn later on. It will tell you all about interior arrangement—location of doors, windows and posts—laying of floors—construction of frame—height—placing of silo, etc.

This service is backed by our own Agricultural Department, which we maintain for our customers and others interested in better barns.

You will have the advice and counsel of Mr. James, who is a practical dairyman, and of the many skilled men around him.

Get in touch with us at once—no matter whether you are ready to build or not. Plan the barn now. Be prepared to build right when you do go at it.

James Sanitary Barn Equipment

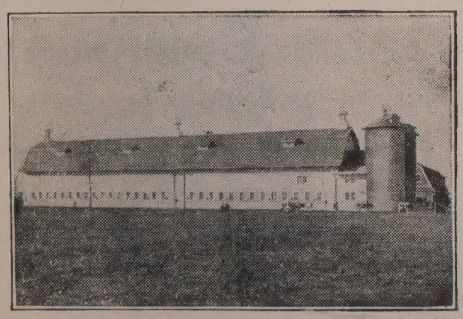
is made by the men who have been so successful in designing good dairy barns. It includes Stanchions with celebrated Alignment Device and Double Chain Hanger; Stalls with Sure-Stop Swinging Post; Self-Cleaning Mangers with manger-lifting springs; Triple-Curve Stall Partition; Anchors for the floor, so that you can go right ahead with cement work without waiting for the equipment; "No-Dust" Sanitary Fittings; Calf Stanchions, Mangers and Pens; Cow Pens with Tilting Feed Box; Bull Pens; Manure and Feed Carriers; Barn Ventilators; Watering Buckets, etc.

Barn Book Free

No matter whether you are thinking about equipment or not, let us know what your building problems are, and we will be glad to help you. Our free service includes a valuable book on "Building the Dairy Barn," by W. D. James. Write for it today.

James Manufacturing Company, D. D. 108 Cane Street, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

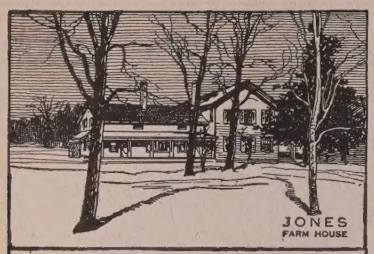
"Originators of Sanitary Barn Equipment Ideas"



A Completed James Barn

All Cows Lined Evenly Over Gutter

JAMES MFG. CO., D. D. 108 Cane St., Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
Please send me the JAMES Catalog of barn equipment free.
I own ..... dairy cows. I expect to build a
new barn about ..... Dairy Barn"; remodel ..... so send me
free, "Building the ..... I will be in the market for
stalls ..... stanchions ..... ventilators ..... watering buck-
ets .....
Name .....
Post Office .....
R. F. D. .....
State .....



JONES Dairy Farm SAUSAGE

Hams

Bacon and Lard

can be had from the following south side dealers:

FRED BALLARD,
1516 East 53rd St.

BLACK BROS.,
1541 East 53rd St.

WM. BULOWA,
1332 East 47th St.

CLARK & LYON,
39th St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

H. F. EGGERS,
55th St. and Dorchester Ave.

C. H. MORGAN & CO.,
319 East 47th St.

J. W. LEIGH,
1514 East 53rd St.

RUST & ANTISDALE,
1410 East 47th St.

A. J. SHAFER,
1531 East 51st St.

SIPPEL'S MARKET HOUSE,
7252 Wentworth Ave.

HERMAN STAFF,
1104 East 47th St.

U. S. CO-OPERATIVE CO.,
Kenwood Ave. and 57th St.

MICHAEL VOGT,
317 East 26th St.

O. T. WALL,
1308 East 63rd St. Woodlawn

FONGER'S Sanitary Bakery

Special Orders

Cakes and Pies of All Kinds

3852 Cottage Grove Ave. Phone, Douglas 5962

Telephone Douglass 7014

R. FRANZ

Staple and Fancy Groceries and Meats

Fresh Vegetables and Fruits in Season

732-734 East 39th St. Chicago

Our No. 35 Rolled Edge White

AUTOMATIC LIFT

One of the very latest Drop Head designs and one that has already attained wide popularity by reason of its uniqueness, beauty and thorough reliability. A finely finished machine, furnished with Rolled Edge Renaissance design woodwork, in quarter-sawed golden oak, fitted with automatic lift, nickel plated hand-wheel, beautiful hanging center panel, three drawers at each end of table, ball bearings and a complete set of the latest style steel attachments.

Telephone, Central 480

White Sewing Machine Co.

24 West Lake Street GEO. E. CAUGHEY, Manager

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK